AUGUST 1922

Little Folks

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THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

$2.00 a year

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

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It is a monthly publication for boys and girls between the ages of three and thirteen. Perhaps you did not know there was such a magazine, and would like to take it yourself. When you have finished reading about it, show this page to father or mother and they will be glad to get it for you.

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How to get Little Folks

The child who gave you this page will lend you a copy of the magazine to show Father and Mother, or the publisher will send you a sample for ten cents. If you subscribe through the child who gave you this page, you will help that child to earn a toy.

Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

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Margherita O. Osborne, Editor

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AUGUST

AUGUST pools are very still,
Not a breeze is on the hill;
One white cloud is in the sky,
Hanging very soft and high.

All the world is breathless now,
Lazy dog and lazy cow;
Lazy boy and lazy sheep,
In the meadow fast asleep.

All the August world is still,
Quiet pool and quiet hill;
Only in the meadow grass
A cricket greets you as you pass.

Annette Wynne

GOLDENROD

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV. AUGUST, 1922 NO. 10

DIGGER

By Mary E. Jackson

"STOP it, Digger, stop it!" Digger raised his little blunt nose, gave one glance at his master, and then went on digging harder than ever.

"Digger is a bad dog," said Paul Day. "He must be punished."

"Oh, don't punish him," pleaded his brother, Don, "perhaps he didn't hear."

"He heard," said Paul, "and he must mind. He must learn not to dig holes in the garden. Come here, Digger. Get me his leash, Don."

A half-hour later, the two boys trudged off down the road together. Paul carried a long pole and Don a shovel, for they were going to explore a cave they had found the day before. But though they had much to talk about, the boys were silent, for they were both thinking of the little dog, who, fastened by his leash to the piazza rail, whined pleadingly as long as they were in sight. To be left at home was a severe punishment for little Digger.

But Digger was quite forgotten once the boys reached the cave. It was not a real cave as the boys supposed, but it looked mysterious enough. A big, dark hole just large enough to admit a small boy opened straight into the hillside. What might be beyond that dark hole the boys could only imagine. They wondered, they feared, but they intended to explore that cave.

Paul poked his long pole into the mouth of the cave, then waited and listened.

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"There is nothing alive in there, at any rate," he said.

"I'll shovel some more dirt away," said Don, "then perhaps we can see in farther."

When the hole was big enough, both boys leaned down and peered into the opening. Just as they did so, a bit of loose earth came rattling down upon their heads. Both boys jumped up.

"My, but I was scared!" laughed Paul.

"So was I," confessed Don.

More earth rattled down from above and they shovelled it away. Finally, the opening was quite clear again.

"I'm going to crawl in now," said Paul. "Will you follow me?"

Don nodded.

They crept along on their hands and knees through a dark passage. Suddenly a dim light, which shone through a small opening above their heads, showed that the passage had widened. They stood up and found that they could not touch the roof of the cave.

"I wish that I had my pole," said Paul. "I'd reach and see how high up that little window is."

"I'll get the pole," said Don. He stooped down and crept toward the dim light at the end of the passage by which they had entered. Suddenly both boys heard above their heads a rumble like distant thunder. The passageway was darkened.

Don turned about and crept back to Paul.

"The mouth of the cave is closed," he said. "What shall we do?"

Paul sat in silence for a moment. Then he sprang to his feet. "I know what to do," he said.

He snatched his cap from his head and with a well-aimed shot sent it whirling through the little opening above their heads.

"Somebody may find that," he said. "Digger would, if he were loose. I am sorry now that we tied him."

"I'll throw my cap, too," said Don. "Then they'll know that we are together."

"HE'S DIGGING INTO GRANTHER DAY'S OLD VEGETABLE CELLAR."

But Don did not aim as well as Paul. His cap caught on a projecting stone near the window's rim. The stone loosened and fell. Then there was a rumble, a shower of loose earth, and darkness in the cave.

When suppertime came and the boys did not return, Mrs. Day became anxious. She loosened Digger from his leash.

"Go find the boys," she said.

In a few minutes Digger returned with Paul's cap in his mouth.

"What has happened?" cried Mrs. Day, and she ran down the path and called Mr. Day from the hayfield. Together, they crossed the pasture and climbed the hill following the direction Digger had taken. When they reached the buried cave, they found the little dog there before them. He was digging as hard as he could. The dirt fairly flew from his paws.

"He's digging into Granther Day's old vegetable cellar," said Mr. Day. "Can the boys be in there? Paul, Don!" he called.

He listened with his ear to the hillside and heard a faint response. Then he seized Don's shovel and went to work.

Ten minutes later two very sober, very dirty little boys crawled out through the opening.

Digger jumped upon them rapturously.

Paul hugged him.

"I knew you'd find us, Digger, if you had to dig the hillside down," he said.

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A SQUIRREL I KNOW

By Carolyn S. Bailey

I know a little Squirrel who lives up in a tree;
If I am very quiet he comes right down to me,
And sits up on his little legs,
And puts his paws up, so, and begs —
This cunning little Squirrel who lives up in a tree.

And this same little Squirrel will eat a little cake,
The sugar kind with raisins in, Mama knows how to make;
He holds it in his little paws,
And bites and smiles and gnaws and gnaws —
This hungry little Squirrel with his little sugar cake.

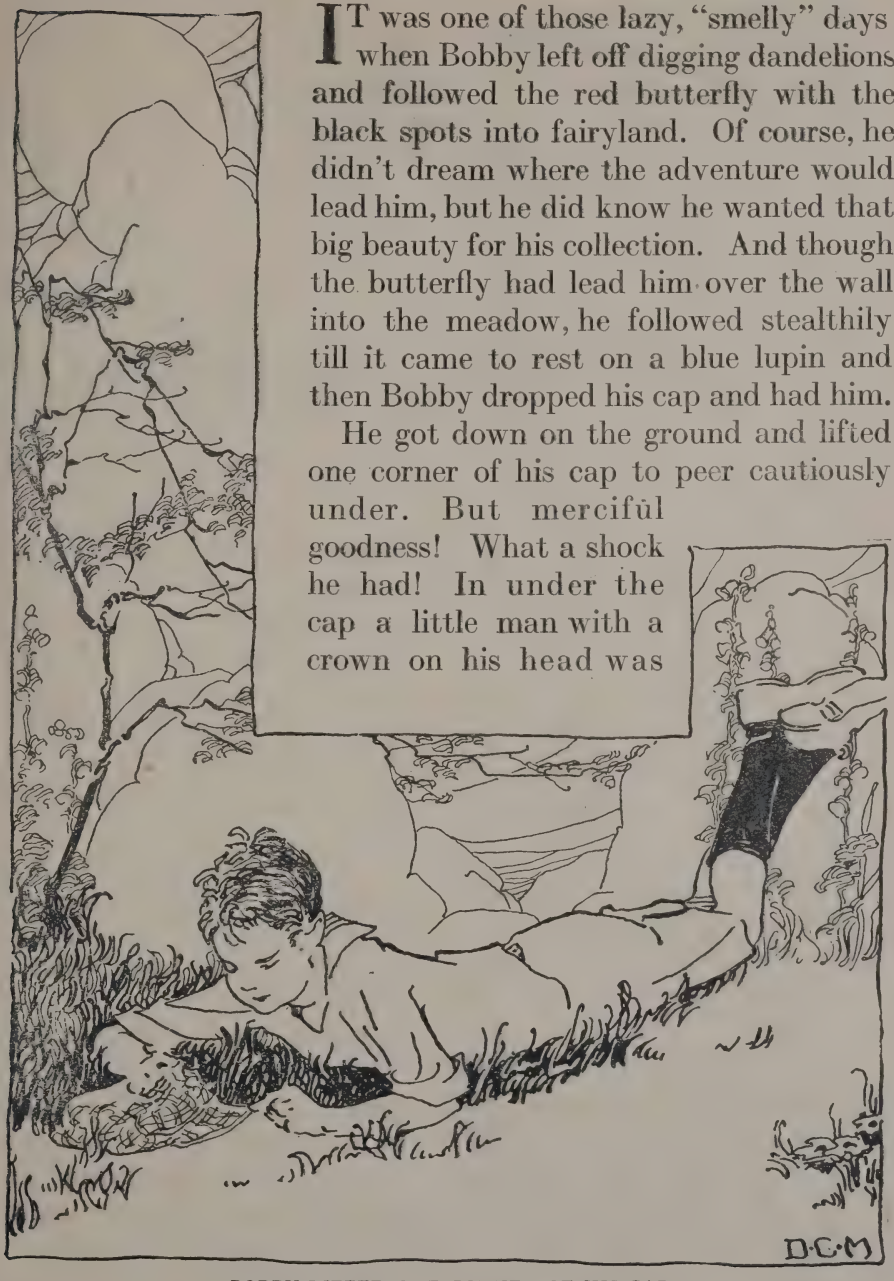
I wish I were a Squirrel, without a pinafore,
And not a bow and not a frock to wrinkle any more,
And only just a furry dress
You wouldn't see me much I guess,
If I could be a Squirrel a-living out-of-door!

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND

By Ray Tyler Nourse

IT was one of those lazy, "smelly" days when Bobby left off digging dandelions and followed the red butterfly with the black spots into fairyland. Of course, he didn't dream where the adventure would lead him, but he did know he wanted that big beauty for his collection. And though the butterfly had lead him over the wall into the meadow, he followed stealthily till it came to rest on a blue lupin and then Bobby dropped his cap and had him.

He got down on the ground and lifted one corner of his cap to peer cautiously under. But merciful goodness! What a shock he had! In under the cap a little man with a crown on his head was



BOBBY LIFTED ONE CORNER OF HIS CAP

REAL BUTTERFLIES HAVE POWDER ON THEIR WINGS

indignantly gathering himself up from the ground. When he saw Bobby's eye he rushed forward and struck furiously at it with his sword, while he said in a voice that Bobby had often heard before and had always supposed was a katy-did's:

"You impudent young rascal, how dare you throw your horrid cap over the King of Fairyland. I believe you have torn my Jubilee robes."

Bobby was so ashamed and surprised he could scarcely speak, but finally he managed to say, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon! I didn't dream there was anyone riding the butterfly."

"Of course, you didn't. How blind you mortals are. Perhaps it is as well that you saw me and that I should show you about your world a bit for your own future good and that of the fairies."

The little man then pulled at one of the blue cups of a lupin stalk, which Bobby had knocked down with his cap and when he had cut it loose with his sword he said, "Drink this cup of nectar and we'll see what we shall see."

As Bobby was still lying on the ground with his face close to the cap, he had only to open his mouth to have the fairy pour it in and then—

He must have shrunk a good deal, for now he was much smaller than the butterfly. He fell back in terror and wonder as the great thing came out under the archway of the cap bearing the beautiful king upon his back.

"Why, why that's not a butterfly," he stammered.

The king laughed gleefully. "I thought that would amaze you, my friend, to see our world as it really is." He steered the big creature up to a near-by flower where it suddenly put down six yellow legs, the claws of which clutched the edge of the flower as he began to drink.

"It's — why it's an elephant," he shouted.

"An elephant? Oh, ho, ho! What makes you say that?"

" 'Cause it's got a trunk."

"To be sure. All butterflies have trunks."

"Ah, I've seen millions of butterflies," argued Bobby, "and none of 'm ever had trunks."

"Perhaps you had better come up and take a good look at this one now," said the king gently.

Bobby drew near, rubbing his eyes and, sure enough, the butterfly *did* have a trunk. It came right out where his nose ought to be, just like an elephant's and was about half an inch long — so long that the butterfly could reach clear to the bottom of the lupin cup and suck up the honeyed drink through his trunk.

When he was through, he curled it up under his chin like a watch spring and turned his head to look at Bobby, who fell back

THE KING SET BOBBIE DOWN ON A HOLLYHOCK

uncomfortably, for the butterfly had two enormous eyes on the sides of his head, each one of which was made up of many tiny eyes, so he could see in every direction at once without turning his head. And he had a heavy, hairy mane covered thick with yellow powder.

"That is the sacred pollen," explained the king. "He got it off the inside of the lupin when he went there to drink. And presently, when he drinks from another lupin, he will rub this pollen off his mane onto that flower and so bring that lupin just the finishing ingredient it needs to make its seeds ripen for fall.

"Come up here now and ride with me and I will show you about a bit. Hi, ho," he cried to the butterfly who had been standing with his four wings folded together over his back. At this signal from the king, the butterfly slowly spread his wings out on the ground. As Bobby mounted, he saw the most beautiful sight imaginable.

"Oh," he cried, gazing in rapture on the butterfly's wings, "oh, now I *know* he is not a butterfly."

"Why?" snapped the king.

"His wings," cried Bobby. "Look at them! Why, they are made of lovely scales laid one over the other — just like the front of my mama's spangled party dress. And look at your train! It's made of the same thing."

"Yes," answered the king. "It is pretty, isn't it? This is the royal fur. All our court costumes are made of butterfly wings. But why should those lovely scaly wings make you say he isn't a real butterfly?"

"'Cause real butterflies just have powder on their wings. I've caught 'em many a time and it always rubs off on your fingers."

"Precisely," answered the king. "And what you call powder is nothing more nor less than thousands of those beautiful scales on the butterfly's wing."

Bobby scarcely believed this, but he didn't dare tell the King of Fairyland so. Besides, he had all he could do to hang on to the butterfly's mane as they rose like an aeroplane through the air.

Suddenly a crashing noise arose below them. Bobby let go the butterfly's mane and covered his tiny ears with his tiny hands.

"That noise!" he cried. "What is it?"

At this, the king shook with laughter. "Take hold of the butterfly's antennæ and look down. Yes, those feelers are the thing." Bobbie reached

THERE WERE THE WONDERFUL SCALES LAID ONE OVER THE OTHER IN THEIR PERFECT ORDER

up very cautiously and took hold of the long tremulous feelers with the spoon-like ends, by which the butterfly seemed to hear and smell. He peered breathlessly down over the butterfly's head at a huge field of flowers — or were they fairies? No, they were fairies and flowers, all dancing wonderfully, swaying back and forth in the breeze, all to the beat of this terrible noise that had frightened him so.

"Have you seen the band yet?" chuckled the king.

"All I see is some 'normous black things, big as I am, taking their exercises like soldiers." For sure enough in every direction he saw the creatures each slowly and rythmically rubbing one wing over the other.

"Oh, you Mortals!" cried the king. "And you have lived all your life among crickets and did not know that they made their chirp with their wings. One wing has more than a hundred little ridges on it that rub over the other wing and make that sound. But, by the band of Fairyland," exclaimed the King, jumping to his feet, as the butterfly was about to settle down among them, "I mustn't take a mortal there! Even a king can't do that."

"Oh, please, Mr. King. I'll be so good."

"No, it is simply impossible. And yet, what am I to do? I am due there this very minute to lead the Grand March. I will tell you! You go straight home like a nice boy, and I will give you a present with which you can look into Fairyland whenever you wish. You will find it on the northwest corner of the library table. Here now! We will drop you off into this hollyhock flower. Good-bye!"

Very gently the butterfly landed in the huge flower; the king set Bobby down on the soft yellow couch in the center, waved his wand and was gone.

The next thing Bobby knew he bumped hard on the stone wall and sat up just in time to see the hollyhock stalk beside him fly back into an upright position.

"I'm big again," he murmured, rubbing himself all over to be sure. "And I'll run back and catch a fairy." But the King had specially emphasized *straight* home. At the thought

of the fairy gift awaiting him, he raced full speed toward the house.

"The northwest corner of the library table," he repeated to himself. But when he looked, only the magnifying glass with a black handle on it that his grandfather used for reading the newspaper was there — not another thing was on that corner of the table.

He was so disappointed that he wanted to throw it on the floor, or to run out and tell the fairy what he thought of a king that would lie to a little boy. Then a thought came to him and as fast as he could, he ran to his room. There he took out of a box a card on which was pinned a big beautiful butterfly, most loved of all his treasures.

Over to the window he rushed and sat down to look through the glass at it. At first, he was confused, for the big black spot like a big eye on the butterfly's wing filled the whole glass.

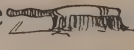
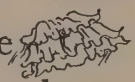
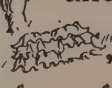
But yes, there they were, the wonderful scales laid one over the other in their perfect order. Yes, and some torn away where his hand had touched them.

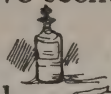
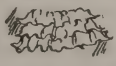
As he moved the glass there came into view the claw-footed legs, the trunk, or *proboscis*, curled up like a watch spring, and all the other unknown wonders that had seemed a part of Fairyland. With a whoop of joy he ran out to explore this new world of insects and flowers through his magic glass. And here is a secret I will whisper to you. If your Daddy will get you a glass like that, you, too, may look into Fairyland.

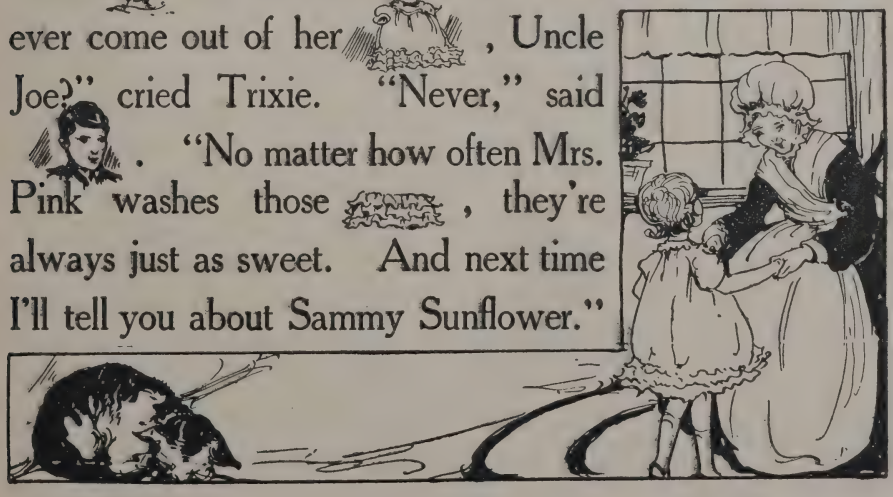
THE FAIRY GIFT

Trixie and the Flower-Children.

IX.

"PATTY PINK," said Uncle Joe, "was a sweet little who loved to help. 'Please may I go to Tillie Tulip's party, Mother?' she asked Mrs. one day. 'To be sure you may,' said Mrs. , 'if you will help me first with the .' So Patty got her little and her little  and her little and her little and was as busy as a helping her mother with the . Then she helped to set the and to get the dinner and to wash the . 'And now may I go to Tillie 's party?' she asked. 'Yes,' said Mrs. . 'And may I wear my pink and white with the  ?' asked . 'Yes,' said Mrs. Pink. 'And may I have perfume on my ?' asked Patty. 'Yes,' said Mrs. . 'And you may stop at Grandma Pink's and let her see what a sweet little you are.' Then Patty clapped her and ran and put on her pink and white with the  , but dear, dear, Mrs. forgot all about the perfume for Patty's ! 'What's the matter, dear?' asked Grandma Pink when she came to

the of her and saw Patty. 'I am going to Tillie 's party,' said Patty, 'and I haven't any perfume on my .' 'Well, well,' said Grandma , 'that will never do! Such a sweet little ought to have scent on her .' So she hurried and got a big  of scent and pulled out the and dear, dear, her shook and the tipped and pop, away went the scent all over Patty's pink and white with the  ! Sniff, Sniff! went Patty's , and 'Dear, dear!' said Grandma . How Patty laughed! 'I shall be sweet enough now, shan't I, Grandma?' she cried, with a hug. 'The sweetest little in the whole room,' said Grandma Pink. And hop, skip, away went to the party, and sure enough, she was the very sweetest little in the whole room." "And did the scent ever come out of her , Uncle Joe?" cried Trixie. "Never," said . "No matter how often Mrs. Pink washes those , they're always just as sweet. And next time I'll tell you about Sammy Sunflower."



MARIO WANTS TO BE A SAILOR

By Eleanor Brodnax

PART II

"PLEASE, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO GO ON BOARD YOUR SHIP."

NEXT morning found Mario with his mind still made up. He begged Mlle. Fleurot as they started out on their daily walk to go to the square of St. Marks and look at the shop windows. Although somewhat surprised, she consented willingly enough.

When Mario skipped around the stone archway of an arcade, as the rest were looking in a jeweller's window, he felt a sudden numbing pang at his heart. Perhaps he would never see Maria or Peppino again. The tears almost came, but he hardened his heart, saying over and over to himself as he sped down along the arcades and through a side street, "I'm going to be an admiral, I'm going to be an admiral."

In almost the very next street Mario found about the raggedest boy that he had ever seen. He had really no trousers or shirt at all—just a bundle of rags tied with strings. And his face was very dirty, indeed. It took Mario some time to explain what he wanted, and then the

boy looked as though he didn't believe him. What? Exchange his rags for Mario's neat serge suit, white shirt, socks and sandals! As well as Mario could understand the Venetian dialect, the small boy thought that he, Mario, was a "matto," a "crazy one." But he gave in finally, and quite eagerly helped Mario to take off his things—for his own didn't take long.

When the exchange had been made in a back alley, Mario would surely have thought of "The Prince and the Pauper," if he had ever read that story. But as he hadn't, he just looked at the other boy with his dirty face and his black legs in his, Mario's, neat clothes, and his own white legs and arms protruding from the rags of the other, and laughed until the tears came. With his new friend's help he soon had his own face well smudged and after a roll in the dirt of the alley, he felt that his disguise was complete.

With the seventy centessimi in his pocket, he persuaded his companion to guide him to the Giudecca and the School Ship. There his new-found friend left him with many thanks for his fine clothes and good wishes for his success.

Mario lingered about until dusk. Then he approached the School Ship and watched two boys, a little larger than he, draw a tiny ferry plank from the shore to the "Scilla" to allow a visitor to embark. He wished that the man in uniform would appear, so that he could ask to be allowed on board. He was beginning to feel a little hungry and it was hard not to think of the family and Aunt Camilla's comfortable home. How they must all be worrying and searching for him now!

Just when he thought he couldn't stand it longer, the ship's officer appeared on deck with the visitor, a tall man in a long black cape. They walked out across the ferry plank toward him and stood for a moment on the shore shaking hands. Then the tall man strode away with a swing of his dark cape.

"Please, sir," said Mario, stepping around boldly in front of the ship's officer, "I should like to go on board your ship and be a sailor."

"Good gracious!" said the ship's officer, or something that

means the same thing in Italian. "And where did *you* come from?"

Mario hung his head. It was going to be rather difficult after all.

"Urr—hummm, hummm, HUMM?" said the ship's officer.

He looked at Mario's bundle of rags and his long spindly dirty legs.

"Young rascal, how do you think the "Scilla" can take care of you all?" And he made a queer little clucking noise with his tongue and pulled his short black moustache.

Mario hung his head yet more miserably. He felt that in another moment he would disgrace himself and cry. So they hadn't room for him on the school ship

"Are you hungry?" The ship's officer fairly hurled the question at him.

Mario thought of his five o'clock cup of milk and bread and butter and honey that he had missed, and of Maria and Peppino, warm and full and comfortable after their dinner at least an hour or two ago. So he nodded his head silently and the tears did come, and rolled a little ways down his dirty cheeks.

The ship's officer clapped a hand suddenly upon his back and turned him gently toward the ferry plank. "Well, come along, little Hungry One, but it's quite against the rules, quite.'

So Mario walked on board the School Ship. He followed the tall ship's officer below, where a fresh-faced young man, also in uniform, superintended his bath in a washroom lined with basins and hooks with towels. And then he was given a huge bowl of bread and milk in a room where the ship's officer sat at a desk and questioned him. But Mario answered very little, so that at length the ship's officer gave him up and sat conversing with the young man. Mario, intent upon his supper, heard the young man remark several times in a puzzled, thoughtful way, "But I tell you, sir, he was quite clean behind the ears." After which, the two sat in silence regarding him.

The bowl of bread and milk quite finished, the young man

led Mario still deeper within the ship to a room lined with little swinging hammocks. And in each hammock was a sleeping boy. The room was almost in darkness but for a faint light coming through a row of portholes. The young man turned on a light in one corner and pointed to an empty hammock. Near them the boys with the light in their faces were turning over and muttering in their sleep.

THE BOY THOUGHT THAT MARIO WAS CRAZY

Swiftly Mario tumbled in, a bit awkardly, for he was quite unaccustomed to a hammock, and the young man left him with a pleasant "goodnight," after turning out the light.

Mario, curled up in his hammock, listened to the breathing of the boys about him. So at last he was on the School Ship. It seemed too good to be true and he hugged himself tightly, there in the dark, his knees up to his chin. It must be pretty nearly the middle of the night by now. He wondered if his father and his mother and Uncle Bernado and Aunt Camilla were still looking for him. Maria and Peppino had probably been to sleep for hours. Wouldn't it be fun, though, if they could see him—there in a hammock—in the middle of the night with all these other boys.

Then it seemed as if he could see his mother's face leaning over him, as he saw it when she came to kiss him goodnight. And suddenly his throat felt tight and queer. It was almost as if he were going to cry. But that was nonsense. Wasn't everything coming out just as he had planned? And it would only be a year, or perhaps less —

HIS MOTHER'S ARMS WERE AROUND HIM

A breeze crept through the portholes and the hammocks all swayed lightly. Mario closed his eyes and let his body relax to the swing of the canvas. He thought of the year before him, of how he would learn to swim and dive and run a motor boat and climb the ship's rigging, and then some day sail off to foreign lands—Egypt and Africa and—and America. He stretched his fingers as he did when he measured the distance from Rome to New York on the nursery atlas.

And then, quite unaccountably, his mother's face again swam before him, and a sob caught him in the throat unawares. But he swallowed determinedly and clenched his fists. He wasn't going to be a *baby*—like Peppino. He was going to be an—an—Admiral. "Admiral, admiral, admiral," he said it over and over, faster and faster, and then slower and slower. And the hammocks swayed and the breeze whispered through the portholes; "Admiral, admiral, admiral—."

There was a sudden blaze of light and Mario sat up in his hammock and rubbed his eyes. It must be morning. He could hear his mother's voice, and his father's—and yes, Mlle. Fleurot's, too, and his Uncle Bernado's and Aunt Camilla's. They were all around him, and then as he rubbed his eyes fiercely, for somehow he just could *not* see, he felt his mother's arms around him, hugging him close. He snuggled up to her and buried his face in her neck. Then, he heard the voice of the ship's officer.

"He was ragged enough—and he did the job pretty well—but for one thing—he forgot to put dirt behind his ears."

Mario raised himself suddenly from his mother's shoulder. So he *was* on the School Ship and it wasn't a dream. His

father and Uncle Bernado were laughing heartily with the ship's officer, but his mother had tears in her eyes. Then his father took him and wrapped him in a shawl and they all filed out, leaving the other boys sitting up in their hammocks and rubbing their eyes as he had done. He struggled a little in his father's arms. So they were going to take him away. It *was* nice to be in his father's arms and see his mother's face near him, but—

His father held him closer as he struggled.

"Well, my little son, so you want to be a sailor?"

"Yes, papa, an admiral."

Mario wondered why they all laughed at this. At first, he felt offended, but then he forgot everything, for his father hugged him again and said gruffly.

"Well, you shall be, you little rascal. Only you mustn't run away again and frighten your mother like this."

So he had frightened his mother. He was sorry, terribly sorry. He stretched out an arm and squeezed her neck repentantly. But his heart leaped. His father at last had consented to his being a sailor.

"Shall I come back to this ship then, father?"

"No, not to this ship," his father answered him. "This is for poor little boys whose fathers can't afford to send them where I'll send you. And you can't go right away. You'll have to stay home for some years yet and learn other things. But after that—"

"Some day I'll go away to be a sailor?"

"Yes—some day."

Mario lay quietly in his father's arms. Perhaps in some ways it would have been better to be poor—so that he could

MARIO LOOKED OVER HIS FATHER'S SHOULDER AS LONG AS THE SHIP WAS IN SIGHT

go at once on this lovely ship. But then he wouldn't have his mother or father—or Maria or Peppino. He sighed happily.

As they were leaving the deck of the "Scilla," Mario's father shook hands with the ship's officer and then turned to Mario.

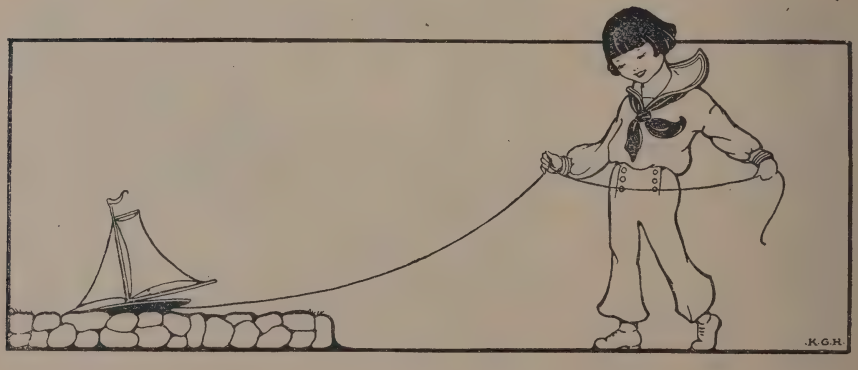
"Would you like," he asked him, "to give this gentleman enough money to care for another little boy here? Some boy who hasn't a father, like you, but wants, like you, to be a sailor?"

Mario nodded eagerly. He had quite forgotten that someone had to pay for each boy aboard the school ship. Of course, he would like to! He knew what it meant to want to be a sailor.

"Well, Mario shall send you the money in the morning," Mario's father said to the ship's officer.

And walking off down the Giudecca, the party called "buano notte" (good-night) to the ship's officer, who stood very straight by the ferry plank and returned Mario's salute gravely.

Mario looked over his father's shoulder as long as the School Ship was in sight. The old "Scilla" was riding peacefully at anchor, tiny wavelets whispering over her prow. Her dark gray hulk brooded on the water like a mother hen, clucking softly to the ninety chicks snug in her care.



PIETRO TAUGHT HIM TO FETCH AND CARRY A STICK

FINNY-FOOT, THE WATER PUPPY

By Allen Chaffee
Illustrated by Peter Da Ru

Chapter 2. Pietro's Pet.*

WHEN Finny-Foot, the seal baby, found himself in the fisherman's net, he never once thought how easy it would be to catch one of the fish wriggling all around him.

His first thought was surprise that he should be rising out of the water against his will. Then he was afraid. He had never seen a human being so close before. Sometimes he had barked with the herd on seal rocks, as people came to the beach. But if ever they swam too near, the seals all dove out of sight, and came up on the other side of the rocks to wait till all was safe once more.

* *Note: Pronounce Pyā'trō (Italian for Peter)*

It was a boy of nine whose black eyes first spied Finny-Foot as the net was emptied. "Pietro" his father called him. His cheeks were flushed with the kiss of the California sun, and his black curls blew in the breeze, as he stood barefooted in the fishing-boat. This boy spoke words that Finny-Foot, of course, could not understand. But he read the kindness in his tones, and he felt the gentleness with which the boy stroked his furry head, and he was no longer quite so frightened.

The boy must have asked his father if he might have the seal for a pet, because in another moment he was hugging him joyously, both arms tight around him, while the fish squirmed on top of a boatful of fish at their feet, and the man and his partner set sail for home.

But though Finny-Foot was no longer afraid of being killed and eaten (the Killer Whales would have swallowed the little fellow whole) he suddenly realized that he was a long way from home. Putting his fore flippers on Pietro's shoulder, he began to cry, and you would never believe how much it sounded like a human baby crying for its mother.

Pietro stroked his wet, oily, fishy-smelling fur, which was as soft as a kitten's, and tried to comfort him, but still Finny-Foot wailed his loneliness. His mother heard him, too, and came swimming after the boat, her great, soft eyes questioning his round, frightened face, as he peered over Pietro's shoulder. But when he struggled to get free, the boy only held him the tighter. Pietro and the men had *their* eyes on the course ahead, for the stiffening wind was carrying them along at a great rate. But the mother followed as far as she could, then sadly gave it up and went back to tell the colony what had happened.

By and by, it occurred to the fisherman's boy that his pet might be hungry, and he offered him a fish. His young captive ate it eagerly, and Pietro laughed at his round, earless head with its gray whiskers, and the clever fore fins. He looked almost like a fish when he folded his hind fins together like a tail.

When they landed at Fisherman's Wharf, the boy carried the slippery little fellow to the shack, where his father's nets hung to dry. Then young Finny-Foot surprised him by walking straight across the porch. It was a funny sort of walk, but we will have to call it walking, since it was neither swimming nor flying. First, he would raise himself on his fore flippers, then he would draw himself forward, with a hump of his back and a spread of his hind flippers that seemed like feet attached to his body without any legs.

The other fishermen's children greeted this performance with shrieks of laughter. And they offered him fish till Pietro had to put a stop to it, for fear Finny-Foot would overeat.

He got his mother's washtub and filled it with sea water for his strange visitor; then, with the help of some of his young neighbors, rolled a great rock up on the porch beside it, in the sunshine. There, he felt, the little seal might feel at home. Then he hooked the screen door on the inside, so that no one could get in to tease him.

Finny-Foot was a tiny fellow. His mother had been only five feet long herself, for she was a harbor, or leopard seal, not a fur seal. Her tribe, an old sailorman told Pietro, are found everywhere, from the Arctic Ocean to South Carolina on the Atlantic side, and Southern California on the Pacific. All up and down the coast, this old sailor had seen harbor seals barking on the rocks and fishing on the sandy bars. He had heard they even swam away up some of the big rivers and into the Great Lakes. They have been seen off the coast of the British Isles, and as far away as Japan.

PIETRO WOULD NOT PART WITH HIS PET

Finny-Foot soon learned to know the boy as his friend, and

inside of a week was genuinely fond of him. He loved to have Pietro stroke his silky fur, and would come humping himself along to where the boy sat in the sunshine, mending his father's nets, and laying his round, furry head against his arm, would make a funny, puppy-like sound that the boy came to understand meant: "*Please* come and play!"

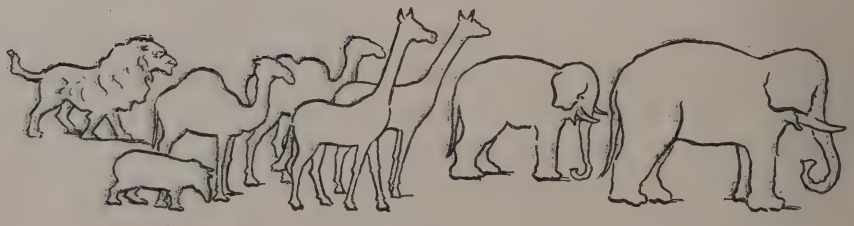
Then Pietro would teach him to fetch and carry a stick, or some other simple trick. He longed to try throwing the stick in the water for Finny-Foot to retrieve, but he never felt quite sure that his odd pet would swim back to him.

An old whaler used to watch the seal at his antics. One day he offered the boy a dollar for his pet. He said he wanted to take Finny-Foot on board the whaling vessel for a mascot, to bring them luck. But the boy would not part with him.

The next day the old man offered him five dollars, but still Pietro would not listen. The whaling vessel was to sail the next day at dawn, and the boy heaved a sigh of relief when, with a final offer of ten dollars, the old man said good-bye. Ten dollars would have meant clothes and shoes to the fisherman's boy, but he would not part with Finny-Foot.

Then as Pietro was looking at a newspaper that someone had left on the wharf, his eyes caught the picture of a troupe of trained seals rolling barrels. They were to be in next week's vaudeville show, and Pietro resolved somehow to earn a quarter and go.

(*To be continued*)



THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

By Constance V. Frazier

CHAPTER X—HOW THE LITTLE PRINCESS WENT AWAY

DOROTHY CALLED AND CALLED

DOROTHY tiptoed into the little princess' room one morning a week later.

"Oh, I'm awake!" called the little princess. "I've been awake for ever so long! Are we going to the hospital today?"

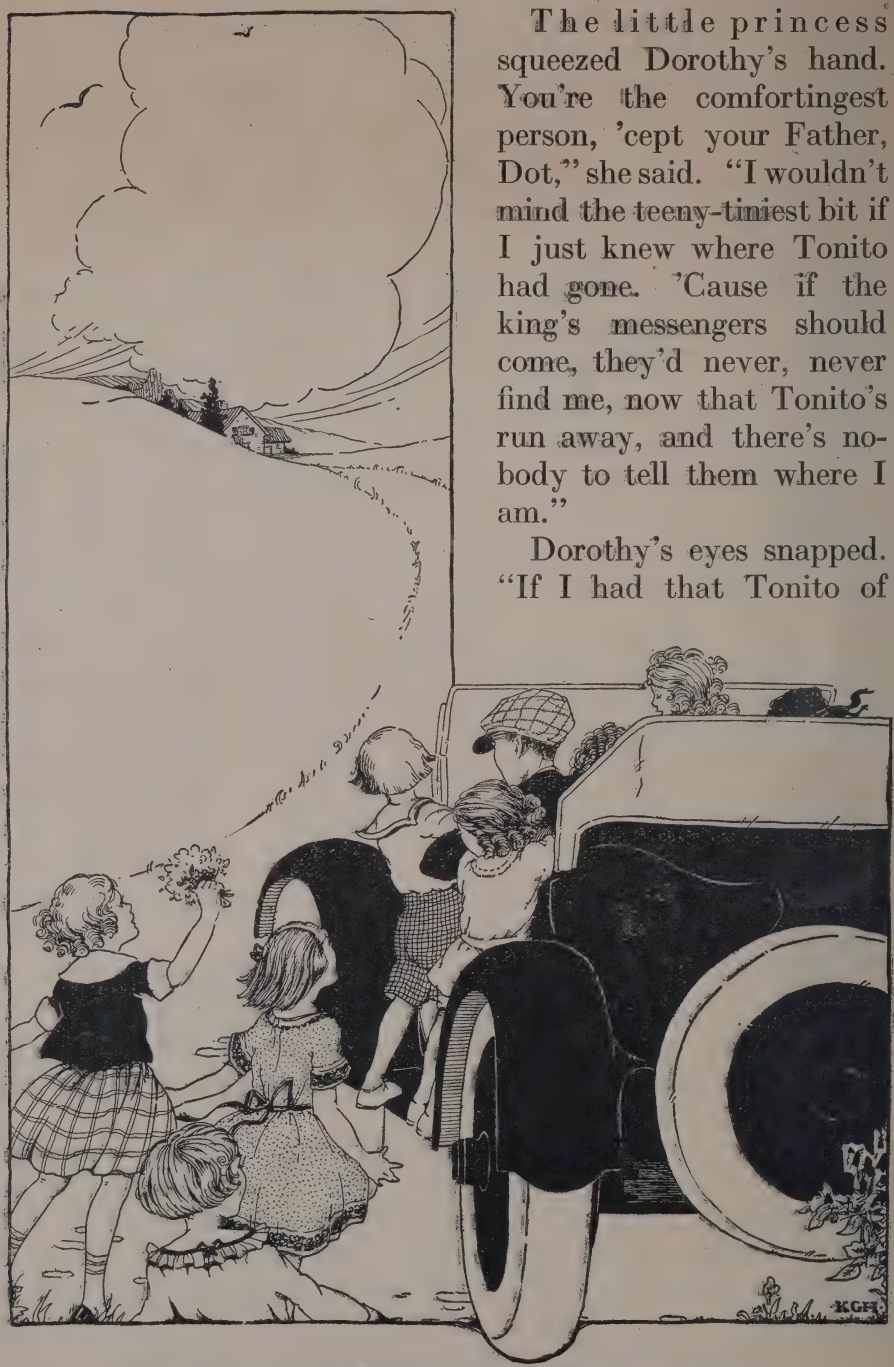
"Yes, today!" replied Dorothy. "And when we come back, what fun we'll all have together. We'll teach you to ride Bingo, and I'll tease Father to build us a play-house,— and oh, what a good time we'll have all the rest of the summer!"

The little princess smiled. "It will be wonderful," she agreed. "But you'll come to see me every day while I'm in the hospital, won't you? Oh, I wish you could stay right there with me every minute. I'm — I'm just a weeny bit afraid, Dorothy!"

'Oh, no, you aren't!" petted Dorothy. "Why, who ever heard of a princess being afraid! Father says you'll just go to sleep, and while you're asleep the doctors will fix that hurt leg of yours so that in just a little while we can have all these jolly times we've been talking about. And that's why I'm going with you, you know, so that you won't be the wee-est bit lonesome, and will get well quickly so we can hurry right home to Honeypot Hill."

The little princess squeezed Dorothy's hand. You're the comfortingest person, 'cept your Father, Dot," she said. "I wouldn't mind the teeny-tiniest bit if I just knew where Tonito had gone. 'Cause if the king's messengers should come, they'd never, never find me, now that Tonito's run away, and there's nobody to tell them where I am."

Dorothy's eyes snapped. "If I had that Tonito of



EVERY HONEYGATHERER WAS THERE TO SAY FAREWELL TO THE LITTLE PRINCESS

yours here," she said, "I'd—I'd make the boys thrash him! But then, if he hadn't run away, Olga, dear, perhaps all these splendid things wouldn't have happened. I'll tell the boys to keep watch for your messengers, though, and let us know right away if they come."

THE LITTLE PRINCESS ENJOYED EVERY BIT OF IT

So, Dorothy ran away to hunt for the boys, but though she called and called all over the house, neither of them answered. Mollie told her that they had ridden off on Bingo and Madelon. Dorothy ran out to ask Dom where they had gone, but he didn't know. Dorothy felt decidedly cross. In an hour or so she and Olga would be leaving, and those two horrid boys had gone riding, just as if nothing important were going to happen! She went to find Aunt Olivia.

"Olga will feel so badly, Aunt Olivia," she complained, with tears in her own eyes. "I think they were too mean for anything!"

"Oh, I think you'll see them before you go." comforted Aunt Olivia. "They can't have gone far, and I'm sure they wouldn't be unkind enough to stay away today."

But Aunt Olivia was mistaken; for when, at last, Father had carried the little princess out to the big car, with Dorothy skipping after, and all the hugs and kisses were over, the boys were still absent.

"I just hope Father punishes them both!" thought Dorothy, catching sight of the big tear that the little princess was trying to wipe away unseen.

DOROTHY WONDERED WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ALL THE DOORS

And then, a minute after, just as the Honeypot Hill station came in sight, down the road came Raoul and Gene, while from behind trees and bushes on either side of the road, popped one Honeygatherer after another, until it seemed as if every member were there, shouting, smiling or waving. The boys and girls clambered all over the car, and all those who couldn't crowd inside hung on to some portion of it, because nobody was willing to be left out of this farewell to the little princess.

Raoul and Gene intended to gallop on ahead to the station like two heralds of old; but they didn't. Madelon, that independent little French donkey, just laid back her two ears and refused to budge out of the middle of the road, in spite of all Dom's honkings. So, because time was passing swiftly, the boys had to pull and push her into a field beside the road, and tie her to the fence to wait until they came back. Gene rode Bingo, who trotted peaceably along beside the car, but Raoul had to ride astride the engine with little Phil Carmody!

But you mustn't think that the little princess didn't enjoy

every bit of the surprise. She liked it from the first Honey-gatherer who climbed into the car with a bunch of wild-flowers, to the last little friend, who stood outside the car window and waved good-bye to her. And, best of all, in her lap was a little wooden cage in which a pretty gray pigeon perched. Le Petit, Raoul's very own carrier, was going to the hospital with the little princess. That is, he was going to stay with Dorothy at her big cousin Anstis' house, and go to visit the little princess whenever Dorothy went.

"And if you should need any of us at once," Raoul instructed her, "send Pidgie. I think he will bring the message."

And then the train began to move, and the journey to the city had begun.

Dorothy's big cousin Anstis lived in a brown house opposite a delightful park, and it was there that Father took the two little girls. Then, on the following day, big cousin Anstis took Dorothy shopping, and Father went with the little princess to the big hospital where sick children were made well and strong and rosy.

When Father met big cousin Anstis and Dorothy down-town for luncheon, he told them that Olga had asked him to be sure to say that she knew she was going to like the Children's Hospital ever so much, and that she wasn't going to be a bit lonely or afraid with so many other children around, and so many lovely nurses to look after her.

Every day, after that, Father went to the hospital and brought home cheering news of the little princess, but it was several days before Father said that the little princess was able to receive callers.

So, the next afternoon, with her hand in that of big cousin Anstis, and carrying Pidgie in his little cage, Dorothy climbed the granite steps of the big brick hospital, and was taken down the long ward, full of little white beds to where the princess lay, happily smiling.

It was quite plain that the little princess did not need cheering up. She was wearing her gilt paper crown, and the afternoon sun made it shine just as it had shone when the children had found her in the old Nobody House.

Big cousin Anstis talked with the nurse while Dorothy was talking with the little princess.

"And pretty soon," the little princess told Dorothy, "I can sit in the sun parlor, and have lessons."

"Have lessons!" echoed Dorothy. "In summer? In the hospital? Why I never heard of such a thing!"

The little princess laughed. "But the Nicest Nurse says we do. There's a teacher who gives the lessons. She's a nurse, too. Oh, Dorothy, it is so much nicer than being sick at the Nobody House. Do you think the king's messengers have come yet? Or Tonito? I wish I knew —"

"The boys would let us know," Dorothy assured her, giving her Pidgie in his cage to hold while she read her a letter from the Honeygatherers.

And after that, the nurse came to say that the visit was over for the day, and Dorothy and Aunt Olivia went back through the ward into the long corridor.

There were so many doors and twists and turns in that corridor, that Dorothy couldn't help wondering what was on the other side of them all, and when she came to a big double door, with half of it swung open, she slipped behind big cousin Anstis and peeped in. And what do you think she saw? A whole lot of boys and girls in wheel-chairs, in a room with walls all windows, grouped around a pretty nurse who was reading to them, and asking questions.

"I do believe it's the lessons!" thought Dorothy — and she was quite right about it.

Just then a boy with curly yellow hair, turned his wheel-chair a little, and that little was enough to let him see Dorothy, standing in the doorway.

But Dorothy, in a sudden panic, fled down the corridor after big cousin Anstis.

"I've seen the school," she cried, "and I've got an idea, and I want to write a letter right away, the minute we get home, to the Honeygatherers' Club, Cousin Anstis," she said. But if she told anybody what the idea was, it must have been Pidgie, for neither Father nor Cousin Anstis heard a word about it.

(To be continued)

PLAYROOM COOKS

"LET'S have mud pies for dessert today," suggested Janie one warm Saturday in August.

"Mud pies!" said Roger.

"Mud pies?" asked Ruthie. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean mud pies, of course," insisted Janie. "But I don't mean the kind we used to make out of dirt and water when we were little. I mean the kind made from cornstarch."

"You'd better explain it," said Roger, looking as puzzled as ever. "It sounds to me as if you were going to make cornstarch pies for the doll-house."

"No, mud pies for us," corrected Janie, getting a package of cornstarch out of the pantry. "Will you get the milk out of the ice-box, please, Ruthie, and Roger, you know where the double boiler is. I'll get the salt and the sugar and the vanilla and the cocoa, and the moulds and spoons and we'll all make mud pies for luncheon."

Janie poured from the full quart jar of milk ½ a cup and put the rest into the double boiler to heat. Then she stirred into the milk she had saved out, 3 level teaspoonfuls of cornstarch and made a smooth paste of it.

While she was doing that, she told Ruthie to measure 4 teaspoonfuls of cocoa and mix it to a paste in a little water, while Roger watched the milk to see when it was hot. When it was, Janie poured in the cornstarch mixture and mixed it in well, and to that, Ruthie added the cocoa mixture, stirring that in well, too. Then Roger added 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt and the Cooks allowed the mud pies to cook for fifteen minutes in the double boiler.

(*Continued on page 472*)

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NEW YORK

WILL the meeting please come to order? We will have the secretary's report about Guards who have won honors since the last meeting.

Doris Shaver (6, 2)
Madeleine Wilkinson (6)
Joseph Marquier (6)
Elizabeth Baker (6)
Carolyn Malone (1, 2, 3, 4, 5)
Margaret Reed (2, 3)
Elizabeth Mann (2)
Rebecca Williams (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6)
Edith Nelson (1, 2)
Lydia Nichols (1, 2)
Katherine James (1, 2)
Florence Faucette (1, 2, 3)

The secretary reports three new Stars:

Albion (N. Y.) Star: Dorothy Lee, Edna Stocking.

Laredo (Texas) Star: Ellen Young, Ruth Loftus, Esther Loftus, Alta Parma, Vivian Ostrom.

Fort Jones (Calif.) Star: Mildred Macauley, Jeanetta McCan, Golda Crawford, Arlene Johnson, Frances Barton.

The following Stars report:

Westerly (R. I.) Star. "We are getting along pretty well with our Home Guard Star. We have one new member — Lawrence Tate. At each meeting we talk about each pledge and what it means."

Lydia Nichols.

Melrose (Mass.) Star. "Our Home Guard Star gave a play called "*The Princess and the Sage.*" Barbara Bullens was the Princess and Dorothy Bullens was the Queen. We had a candy sale afterward, and got $2.07 for the candy and $2.30 for the tickets to the play. This money is going to the hospital for the baby ward."

Dorothy Bullens.

If these good reports are satisfactory, we will declare them accepted, and go on to the next report.

There were two essays on *Why I Like to be a Home Guard*, that tied for the prize, and because both essays were equally good, prizes have been sent to both contestants: Janet Congdon, Potsdam, N. Y., and Elizabeth Peirson, Villisca, Iowa. Here are the winning essays.

Why I like to be a home guard.

"I like being a Home Guard because I know it helps me to form good habits. If, for thirty days, I help my Mother willingly, after that I will help her without giving it a thought. It then becomes a good habit. When our mothers can congratulate the Home Guard, it makes us like it even more.

"I like to try to keep the pledges and send in my report before other boys and girls do. If I do, it makes me more enthusiastic.

"I like to keep my Record Book nicely colored with red or the color chosen, but I do not like to see a black mark in it, and I try to avoid them. I enjoyed making my Record Book. I like to get my health charts and keep them filled.

"Forming local clubs makes us like the Home Guard even more. We have so much fun with picnics and real work, too.

"I like to see in 'Little Folks' the names of other boys and girls who have kept the pledges. I love 'Little Folks' so much

that it is an honor to have my name in it.

"These are the reasons why I like to be a Home Guard."

Janet W. Congdon (*Aged* 10)

Why I like to be a home guard.

"I like to be a Home Guard because it helps me to remember all the honors we have been working for, and it helps to fix them in my mind so that Mother will not have to keep telling me all the time what to do. All this helps to make me a better girl, and it makes others around me happier. It is also fun to try to win the honors.

"We all like to feel that we belong to some club, as Mother and Daddy do. It is fun to have local clubs and get together at meetings, and know we are doing some good.

"If other people see us guarding our thoughts and actions, then they will be more apt to guard theirs, too. If we each started a club at school, all the pupils could work together.

"It is an honor for a boy or a girl to be first to win all the honors. If people ask us if we belong to a club, we can say we do, and tell them all about what we are doing.

"That is why I like to be a Home Guard." *Elizabeth Peirson* (*Aged* 11)

Congratulations and three cheers for our winning Guards!

And now we come to the new business of the meeting — a Star Talk for Star members, on how Stars may win club honors. This is a brand new plan, adopted after a lot of thought, so let's try it with a will. Everybody listening? Well, then, after this, every Home Guard month will be a Star month for you who belong to stars, and the honors will be given in competition, to the Stars who do the best toward winning the alloted points for the two months covered by each Star talk. These points will be explained, one in each Home Guard talk, and there will be six Points to each Star, with a prize to the winning Star at the end of the time. This means that every member must make every Point for the sake of the Star to which he or she belongs, for upon the support of each member does the success of the Star depend.

First, you will make your own report upon your Point, for it would mean a great deal of work if you asked one member to report for each of you.

Second, when you report, be sure your name, address and Star name is on the paper.

Third, remember that unless *you* report on every Point, your Star will not win its honor.

Fourth, the Star winning the largest number of the six Points, will be awarded the Grand Star honor.

Fifth, the first report will be due on September 15. Send it to me, in care of "Little Folks," Salem, Mass.

Sixth, the chairman or president of your Star should sign his or her name to each report you send. You need not send a report for each part of the point, but report on the whole point at once.

The first point will be given the Star whose members report to me affirmatively on these "deeds."

1. Find three wild-flowers you are not familiar with, press them, learn their names and where they grow, and report to your Star all you discover about them.

2. Learn to recognize three birds, so that you know what they look like, where they are to be found, and what their song is like.

3. Do three of the things you will find to do in this issue of "Little Folks." Report on what they were.

4. Read one good book, give title and author's name, and tell why you liked it. Report on it at Star meeting.

Now let's all try to make this new club idea a success. If you wish to do these things and are not a Star member, either become one, or do them by yourself. If you follow the latter course, a prize will be given to the Guard who has successfully done them *all*, when this Point-contest is over.

Rebecca Williams, your honors were returned to me because your address was incomplete. Will you please send it to me? I have a letter for you.

If you are a new reader, and would like to join our Home Guard Club, send 5c for a pin, if you wish one, and 2c for a Home Guard leaflet explaining about the Club, to "Cousin Constance," c/o "Little Folks" Magazine, Salem, Mass. I'll be glad to enroll you, and you are sure to enjoy being a member, and there are no dues.

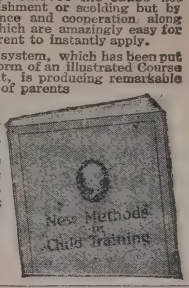
Lovingly,
"Cousin Constance."

New Methods in Child Training

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the **cause** of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method **removes the cause**—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated Course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also **endorsed by leading educators.** It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free--but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.



The Parents Association

Dept. 468 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

PLAYROOM COOKS

(*Continued from page 469*)

When the time was up and the mixture was thick and creamy, they rinsed out the pie moulds with cold water—the moulds were really custard cups—and added ½ teaspoon of vanilla extract to the hot mixture, then stirred it in well and turned it into the cups and set it away to cool. Just before luncheon, they turned each little mud pie out of its mould onto a pretty saucer and served it with rich milk.

And Roger said they were the best mud pies he ever ate, while the Playroom Cooks agreed they were the best they had ever made!

PLEASE WRITE!

Sarah Belcher, Dolgeville, N. Y., would like to hear from any readers in the U. S.

Lucile Mero, Cottonwood, Minn., ten years old, would very much like to hear from any readers her age.

Lucretia Smith and Martha Taylor, Malden, Mo., would like to hear from fifteen, sixteen and seventeen-year-old young folks.

Mary Dunlap, Roxboro, N. C., would like to hear from any readers and will answer any letters she gets.

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LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

Dame Crump and Her Pig

VI

Your Dame Crump picture book has only two more pictures. What story or rhyme would you like to make into another book? Send suggestions to the editor.

SHE went to the mill and borrowed a sack,
Slipped piggy in and threw him on her back.
He cried to get out, but the little dame said:
"If you won't go by fair means, then you must be made."

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Everybody's	4.00
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x: Magazines marked with x must be added to clubs at full price.

OUTDOORS WITH GRANDFATHER

By Margherita O. Osborne

CUTTING FLOWERS FOR MOTHER'S VASES

IT was late afternoon; Grandfather and Little Boy Blue and Little Girl Pink were in the garden cutting flowers for Mother's vases.

"Tell us now about Rosie Beetle and Eddie Grasshopper, please, Grandpa!" begged Girl Pink. "What happened when Mr. Oriole flew over them?"

So Grandfather told them this story:

Mr. Oriole alighted on a branch of the tree above Rosie Beetle and Eddie Grasshopper and he sang a sweet little song, but Rosie and Eddie didn't enjoy that song at all. They were afraid every minute that he would look down and see them in the grass, and then they would be gobbled up, alive.

Just when Eddie thought he couldn't keep still another minute, Cook Bridget came out of the house with a handful of breadcrumbs and Mr. Oriole flew away to taste them.

"Now's your chance, Rosie Beetle," said Eddie. "Go and get acquainted with Queen Rose."

So Rosie Beetle spread her gauzy wings and was soon resting in the heart of the flower.

"Lucky Bug!" thought Eddie Grasshopper. "She's fixed for life. Nothing to do but eat rose leaves and suck honey. A handsome suit is a great help, socially, and I must soon be getting a new one, myself. Whew! This is a hot day and I'm thirsty!"

Then Eddie gave a tremendous jump and landed on the rim of the fountain. He was just lowering his head for a long drink, when he heard the stirring voice of Madam Mosquito; he listened for a moment to the song she was singing:

"Night was made for feastings,
Night was made for joys,
While they're sleeping, let us taste
All the tender girls and boys."

"Good afternoon, Madam Mosquito!" called Eddie Grasshopper. "What are you doing at this time of day?"

"How do you do, Eddie! I've just been laying a few eggs in the lily pads of the fountain. Luckily for me there are no goldfish to eat them up this summer. I see that some of my babies are about ready to leave the water. In a day or two I shall have plenty of company."

"Do your babies grow up in the water?" asked Eddie. "I should think they'd drown."

"Oh, no, indeed!" replied Madam. "They float just under the surface, and they are each provided with a little breathing pipe, so they get plenty of air,

NOTHING TO DO BUT EAT ROSE LEAVES AND SUCK HONEY

"DO YOUR BABIES GROW UP IN THE WATER?"

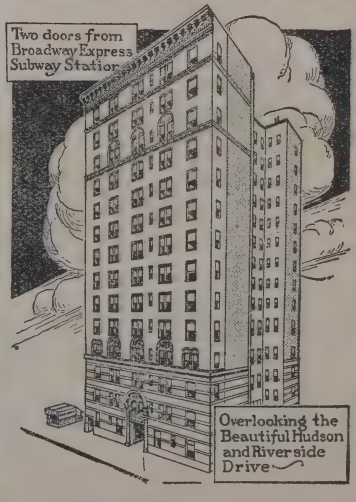
unless one of those mean humans pours oil over the surface and so cuts off their air supply."

"Well, well!" said Eddie, "your family habits are quite different from mine. Now, my mother laid her eggs in a hole in the ground last winter and they stayed there until spring. When I came out of the egg I had no wings, but I have had several changes of clothing since that time and now you see I have well-developed wings under my jacket."

"Yes? How interesting!" murmured Madam Mosquito. "But you really must excuse me now, for although it is not my proper feeding time, I see Girl Pink and Boy Blue over in the arbor with their grandfather. It's never too early to eat!"

"Oh, Grandpa!" cried Girl Pink, "I hear Madam Mosquito coming this very minute, and I think we'd better go where there's a breeze that will blow her away."

"That's a very good suggestion," cried Grandfather, "and I think, furthermore, that we'd better get some goldfish for the fountain to eat up Madam's wriggling children!"



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Exceptional Restaurant at very moderate prices. *S. L. ROOT, Manager*

SOMETHING TO GUESS

He loved her. She hated him, but, womanlike, she would have him, and she was the death of him. Who was he? A flea.

Why is life the greatest of riddles? Because we must all give it up.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play upon it.

Why do black sheep eat less than white ones? Because there are fewer of them.

What is the difference between a much-worn ten-cent piece and a half dollar? Forty cents.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet no one cares to loose? A bald head.

What is that from which the whole may be taken, and yet some remain? The word "wholesome."

When may a man be said to have four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Sent by,
Ernest Seneca.

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUIZZIE PUZZLE

(See page 480)

1. GIN-knee hens or Guinea Hens.
2. Sea-H-eye-CK-N's or Chickens.
3. Can-ARR-Y or Canary.
4. Bell-gian hair or Belgian Hare.
5. POE-N-E's or Ponies.
6. Cat-el or Cattle.

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Boys, you can earn money each month selling **The Boys Magazine.**

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Coleo Soap will not irritate the most sensitive skin and is excellent for shampooing.

Send today for a sample. The little Coleo Lather Babies will make the children like to wash as long as the soap lasts. Then, when you have found from the sample what a delightful soap Coleo is, you can buy it at your nearest druggist's at 10c a cake.

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199 Fulton Street, New York

Please send a sample cake of Coleo Soap to the following names. (If there are two small children in your home, we will send a sample cake of Coleo to each of them.)

Names.....

Address.....

.....

Something to Earn

What Will The Weather Be?

Hans and Gretel, who live in either half of this pretty rustic weather-house, will warn you whenever a change of weather is going to occur. Just set their house where a current of air can reach it. When it is to be clear, Gretel will stand outside her doorway. When it is to be stormy, Hans will come outside. When a change of weather is due, both little people will stand opposite each other inside their doors. A little thermometer between the two doors will show you the temperature.

It is lots of fun to watch this little weather-prophet. Its correctness will surprise you, and you can always tell your friends what the weather is going to be.

A weather-house will be sent you for one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS, not your own, postpaid. Cash price, **60 cents.**

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YOU CAN GET THIS CAMERA

This popular size camera takes excellent pictures of any sort of subject. Packed with film ready for use. It is made by the manufacturers of Kodaks and takes excellent pictures of any subject. Additional films can be purchased in your own town. If you sell 30 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card, you can get this camera.

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REAL PHONOGRAPH GIVEN

This is not a toy, but a reliable machine which plays 10-inch Victor or Columbia records. It has a beautiful tone and plays equally well band pieces, vocal and instrumental and dance music. Yours for selling only 45 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card. Get our Big Premium List Free. Send for the dress snap fasteners to sell.

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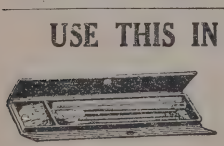
USE THIS IN YOUR SCHOOL



YOURS This fine, noiseless, scholar's companion contains pencils, pen and pencil holder, Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation leather, with clasp fastener. If you sell 15 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card, you can get this companion.

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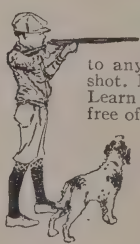
GIVEN Eastman Film Camera Popular size with handle and view finder, for time and snap-shot pictures. Just order 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (the wonder Menthol Ointment.) Return $3 and complete camera is yours. Or choice of Moving Picture Machine, Thin Model Watch or Flashlight. Write for goods today. We trust you. Address **U.S. SUPPPLY CO. Dept. H7, Greenville-Pa.**



Air Rifle Given

to any boy. This wonderful rifle shoots BB shot. It's a dandy for target and other shooting. Learn to be a crack shot. We send it to you free of cost when you sell only 40 cards of easy-selling dress snap fasteners at 10 cents a card.

Other Rewards:—Watches, phonographs, movie machines etc., also offered, Get our big free list of rewards.

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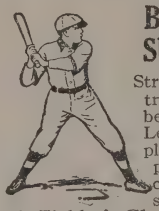
Boys As Well As Girls Can Have This Violin

GIVEN: This real, sweet sounding violin, with bow, rosin and gut strings; finished in richly polished rosewood color. Its special high arching at bridge assures a nice full tone. Given to anyone who sells 30 cards of easy selling dress snap fasteners at 10 cents a card.

Guns, watches, baseball suits phonographs, movie machines, etc., all given.
Get big free list of awards.

SECCO SALES CO., Dept. L. F. SALEM, MASS.



BASEBALL SUIT and CAP GIVEN

Strong, long wearing, durable suit with extra stout material in pants, with pocket belt, strap and knee elastic. League shape cap. Complete outfit, cap, shirt and pants, given for selling 40 cards of easy selling dress snap fasteners at 10c a card. **Fielder's Glove** of strong leather, given for selling 20 cards of snaps at 10c a card.

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CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

SOMETHING TO FIND IN THE SKY

By Margherita O. Osborne

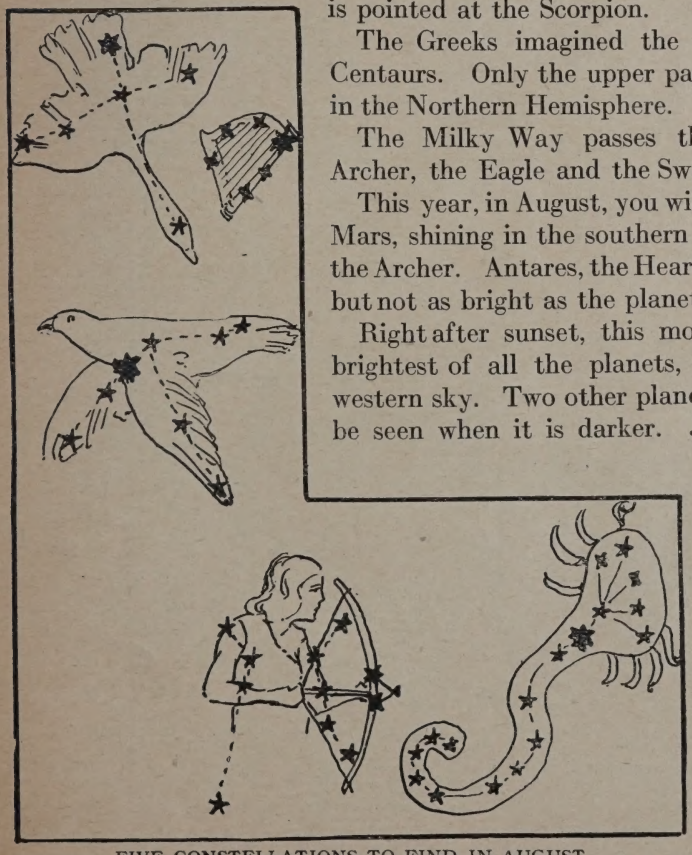
THE MILK DIPPER

EARLY in August, at about nine o'clock, look high in the sky for the head of the serpent (*Draco*). His two bright eyes are near the point overhead, and his body curves to the northeast, then to the west; his tail lies between the Pole Star and the Big Dipper in the northwest.

Some people say *Draco* is the serpent that tempted Eve, but the Greeks said it was *Draco* that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides.

Low down in the southern August skies is the fiery red star *Antares*, the heart of the Scorpion (*Scorpio*). The Scorpion is easy to outline, but the Archer (*Sagittarius*), just back of *Scorpio*, is not so plain. The Milk Dipper is in *Sagittarius*; it resembles the Big Dipper but is upside down.

East of the Archer and higher in the sky is the Eagle (*Aquila*), with the bright star *Altair*, of bluish hue. And still higher up, almost overhead is beautiful blue *Vega* in the constellation of the Lyre (*Lyra*). Last fall we had a diagram of the Lyre with one of the Swan (*Cygnus*). The head of the Swan is extended towards the head of the Archer and the bow of the Archer is pointed at the Scorpion.



FIVE CONSTELLATIONS TO FIND IN AUGUST

The Greeks imagined the Archer to be one of the Centaurs. Only the upper part of his body can be seen in the Northern Hemisphere.

The Milky Way passes through the Scorpion, the Archer, the Eagle and the Swan.

This year, in August, you will see the bright red planet Mars, shining in the southern sky, in the constellation of the Archer. Antares, the Heart of the Scorpion, is bright, but not as bright as the planet Mars.

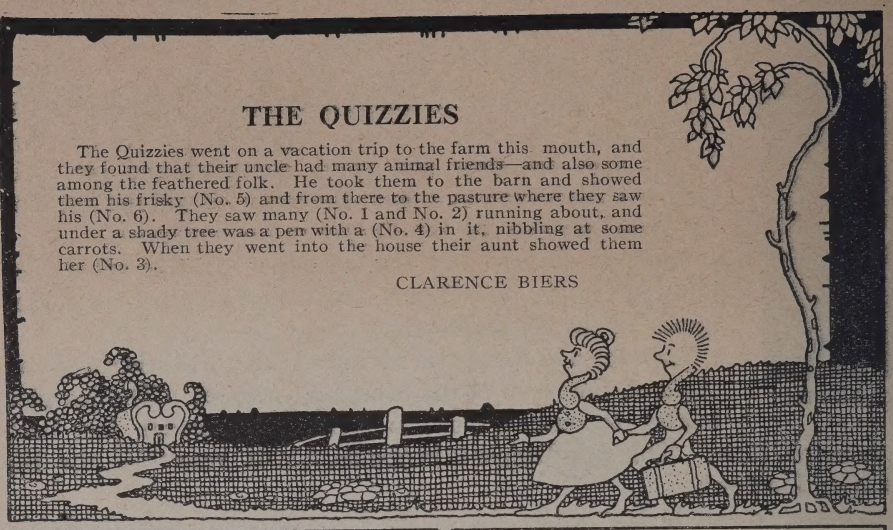
Right after sunset, this month, you will find Venus, brightest of all the planets, shining low down in the western sky. Two other planets, Jupiter and Saturn, can be seen when it is darker. Jupiter is not as bright as Venus, but brighter than Saturn, which is greenish-yellow.

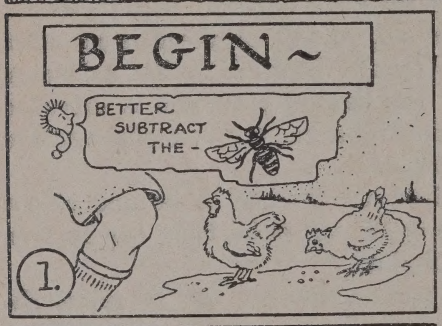
When you see a star which is not in the star map of a constellation, if it shines with a steady light, it is a planet. The planets do not twinkle. They follow the pathway of the sun and only four of them are likely to be seen after dark.

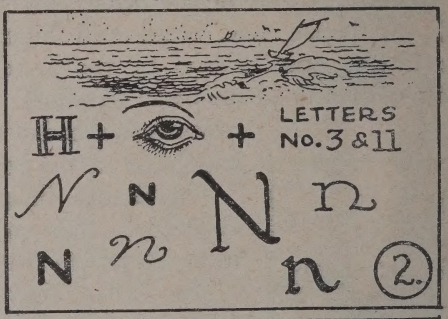
THE QUIZZIES

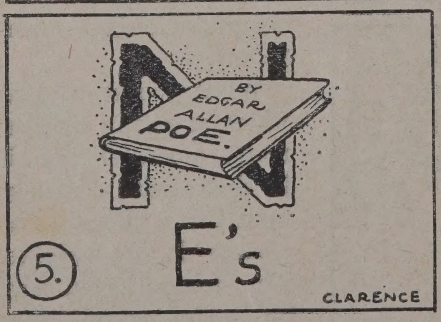
The Quizzies went on a vacation trip to the farm this mouth, and they found that their uncle had many animal friends—and also some among the feathered folk. He took them to the barn and showed them his frisky (No. 5) and from there to the pasture where they saw his (No. 6). They saw many (No. 1 and No. 2) running about, and under a shady tree was a pen with a (No. 4) in it, nibbling at some carrots. When they went into the house their aunt showed them her (No. 3).

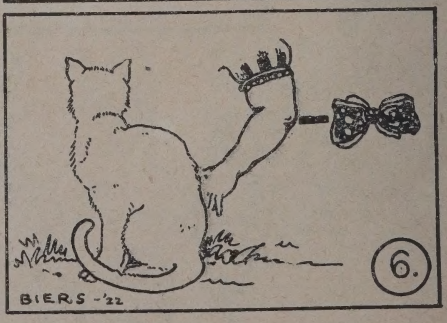
CLARENCE BIERS









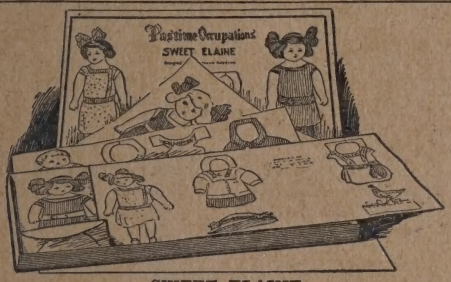


Choose Four You Like Best For One New Subscription

(See Footnote)

CARDBOARD PLAY HOUSE

Do you enjoy making doll furniture? Then you will like this Play House of cardboard where Susie and Bobby live with Little Mother. You set up the Play House and then cut out and put together the printed furniture that comes with the set and arrange it to suit your taste. This is particularly good fun for rainy days, and as soon as your house is done, all you need do is cut out Susie and Bobie and Little Mother and Tabbie-the-cat, and they are ready to move in. The set is printed in attractive colors, so that the finished Play House makes an artistic toy.



SWEET ELAINE

Here is a delightful dolly, with her playmates and their pets, ready for you to cut out and make dresses for. Each little doll has her own particular clothes, all in pretty colors, ready for you to cut out and fit to her, and of course you will think of many others to make with your scissors and crayons. Sweet Elaine says, "Give me to a little friend who is getting over an illness. A little getting-well girl finds the hours so long. Just think how much fun I could give her!"

SUSIE AND BOBBY PAPER DOLL

Four paper dollies all in one set, ready to be cut out and mounted, each with its own clothes. There are Susie and her twin Bobbie, with their pet cat and dog; Baby Rose, a real baby paper doll, and Busy Betty, the twins' little neighbor. And here's a secret! If you wish to cut out the two little dollies on the box cover, you'll have another pair of twins.

Of course, you can make all the extra clothes you wish.

DRESSMAKING FOR PAPER DOLLS

Tilly and Tommy have no clothes except the little "undies" they are wearing, and a hat apiece. So they are depending upon you to make them some, and they hope you will hurry, because cold weather is coming soon. There are real, honest-to-goodness patterns in this set, all ready to use, with directions and pretty paper for making the suits. You will learn a brand new way of making paper doll clothes when you use this set, for the patterns are as "really truly" as those Mother uses to cut your dresses by. Of course, you don't sew paper doll clothes, but you will need to learn to paste them neatly and evenly, and you will think of countless pretty ways of trimming, even copying your own favorite clothes.

JOINTED DOLL—BOY BLUE

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn."

You know the rest of the poem of course. And here they are—Boy Blue, the cow, the sheep, the haystack, the horn and even the meadow. All ready to be cut out is Boy Blue, and as he is jointed, you can move his arms and legs and head. He has a cut-out suit, an extra blouse and a smock, besides two hats. Rivets to put him together come with the set.

For one new yearly subscription, not your own, you may have your choice of any four rewards on this page. For a new yearly subscription and your own renewal besides, you may have all five.

How the Babies Found an Honest Talc

The Talcyville babies used to have just ordinary Talcyville Talcs put on their hurty, smarty places. And of course it didn't soothe them and they had a dreadful time until —

One day through Mr. Stork's magic spy-glasses they saw all the cooing, happy Colgate's Baby Talc babies!

"Colgate's Baby Talc for us", said the Talcyville babies.

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Colgate's Baby Talc is sold every
A dainty trial box sent for 4¢ in stamps.

Colgate's Baby Talc is made on the formula of an eminent physician, for years in charge of a baby hospital.

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COLGATE'S BABY TALC

Write to us for a copy of "A Babe in the House," a valuable and helpful book on the care of children, by Marianna Wheeler. Beautifully illustrated by Rose O'Neil and Shirley Kite. Sent for 10c, or with trial box of Colgate's Baby Talc for 12c.